Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knaue *Costard*, exceedingly well met.

Clow. Pray you sir, How much carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marrie sir, halfe pennie farthing.

Ber. O, why then three farthings worth of Silke.

Cast. I thanke your worship, God be wy you.

Ber. O stay slaue, I must imploy thee;
As thou wilt my fauour, good my knaue,
Doe one thing for me that I shall intreate.

Clow. When would you haue it done sir?

Ber. O this after-noone.

Clo. Well, I will doe it sir: Fare you well.

Ber. O thou knowest not what it is.

Clow. I shall know sir, when I haue done it.

Ber. Why villaine thou must know first.

Clo. I will come to your worship to morrow morning.

Ber. It must be done this after-noone:
Harke slaue, it is but this;
The Princes comes to hunt heere in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:
When tongues speak sweetly then they name her name,
And *Rosaline* they call her, aske for her:
And to her whyte hand see thou doe commend
This seal'd-vp counsaile, There's thy guerdon: goe.

Clow. Gardon, O sweet gardon, better then remuneration, a leuenpence-farthing better: most sweet gardon. I will doe it sir in print: gardon, remuneration. *Exit.*

Ber. O, and I forsooth in loue,
I that haue beene loues whip?
A verie Beadle to a humorous sigh: A Criticke,
Nay, a night-watch Constable.
A domineering pedant ore the Boy,
Then whom no mortall so magnificent.
This wimpled, whyning, purblinde waward Boy,
This signior *Iunios* gyant dwarfe Don *Cupid*,
Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annointed soueraigne of sighes and groanes;

Liedge

Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces,
Sole Emperator and great generall
Of trotting Parritors (O my little heart)
And I to be a Corporall of his field,
And weare his Colours like a Tumblers hoope.
What? I loue, I sue, I seeke a wife,
A woman that is like a Germaine Cloake,
Still a repairing: euer out of frame,
And neuer going a right, being a Watch:
But being watcht, that it may still goe right.
Nay, to be periurde, which is worst of all:
And among three, to loue the worst of all,
A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow.
With two pitch bals stucke in her face for eyes.
I, and by heauen one that will doe the deede,
Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her guarde
And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect,
Of his almighty dreadfull little might.
Well, I will loue, write, sigh, pray, sue grone,
Some men must loue my Lady, and some Ione.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Princesse, a Forrester, her Ladies, and her Lords.

Qu. Was that the King that spurd his horse so hard,
Against the steepe vprising of the hill?

Boy. I know not, but I thinke it was not he.

Qu. Who ere a was, a shew'd a mounting minde:
Well Lords to day we shall haue our dispatch,
On Saturday we will returne to *France*.
Then *Forrester* my friend, Where is the Bush,
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?

For-